

The War Cry

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
SALVATION ARMY
CANADA, ALASKA, BERMUDA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER
GEORGE L. CARPENTER
GENERAL

THE SALVATION ARMY



SERVICE THAT SATISFIES

Sermons without Texts

"GO, AND SIN NO MORE"

BACK in 1901 I was associated in newspaper work with a man who was enjoying his first flush of success in the profession. What we call a lucky break had revealed potential ability that only waited opportunity. He was younger than I, and came out of the Middle West. When his big chance arrived his rise was spectacular, for those days—too rapid, perhaps, for he became afflicted with a rather lofty notion of his dominant importance and boasted a strength of will to achieve where other men failed.

This man became intolerant of the weakness that led some of the rest of us around him to give way to habit. He abused me when I "fell off the water wagon," as I sometimes did, suddenly and with a hard jolt. He would preach: "The power is within you to rise above every adverse pull of your habits. I am stronger than anything I encounter." He was his own god, and worshipped at his shrine.

But, of course, this man had his "hidden" weakness, and we who were intimate with him knew what it was, even though he was sure it was well concealed. However, he did his job well, and didn't let what he called his "innocent diversions" make open trouble for him, as some of the rest of us did—lots of it.

Of course, no man is stronger than his weakness, whatever that may be, for the enemy of souls has that spot mighty well picketed with

by

HENRY F. MILANS

THE writer of this series of articles is one of the most remarkable trophies of Grace on this continent. His story has been recorded in the book, "Out of the Depths," which has had a wide circulation.

Mr. Milans who attained to the position of the editor of a great New York daily paper fell to the deepest abyss of a drunkard's misery. Sitting one day on an old packing-case in the New York Bowery, he was invited by an Army lassie to a "Boozers' Convention." He went, and was marvelously converted.

Did the miracle last? Here is his testimony: "From the moment I was converted up to the present I never have been tempted to take a drop of alcohol; in fact, if I were again to become a drunkard I should have to acquire anew the appetite for liquor."

Mr. Milans is now using his editorial talent in striving to win other wandering souls for the Kingdom of God.

lieve in God—and I didn't believe in myself. I knew my moral fibre was as weak as straw.

YEARS went on. I sank to the gutters, but in 1910, I gave my heart to God in a Salvation Army "Boozers' Campaign," and in His strength became a spiritual giant, able to overcome the evil in me, and able to live a victorious life in Christ to this day!

But a short time ago my friend, when his personal troubles piled up on him with age, had no strength to fall back upon other than his own, and took the quick way out—destroyed himself. Inquiry among those who knew him best showed that the thing he thought he was hiding became so intolerable that his reason snapped.

This man was a type. Men and women who think they can afford to snap their fingers at God are more than foolish. We who have sunk to the depths but have risen again, know that it was only in His strength we were able to rise. The graveyards in every city are peopled with victims of their misdeeds—killed by their own hands as surely as if they had sent bullets into their brains. Thousands of suicides die of "natural causes."

I have outlived most of my old working associates only because the Christ of Calvary bade me "Go, and sin no more."

I ALWAYS feel sad when I find the name of one of my old chums in the obituary columns of the papers most of us worked on at one time or another—self-reliant, recklessly efficient, but cruelly hard on ourselves, crucifying our bodies, spurning our God, dying, the great

(Continued foot of column 4)

FRAGRANCE RELEASED

HOW do you influence those around you? Does your presence bespeak good or ill, helpfulness or otherwise? Harriet Beecher Stowe, the famous author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," wrote these beautiful lines:

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a perfume not its own,
So, when God dwells in a mortal soul,
All Heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Gulistan of Saadi, an ancient and wise philosopher, expressed the same thought when he said: "Excepting that I have associated a season with a rose, I am the same clay I was before."

The thought that influence is an unconscious emanation, like the fragrance or beauty of the rose, or the obnoxiousness of foul and stagnant water, should cause us solemnly to ponder the responsibility each one of us bears in this regard.

But no life overflows to others unless it is full itself. And only as the Spirit of Christ fills and overflows in our own lives, can its beauty and fragrance bless others.

Consider those Biblical bodies of water known as the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. A river—the Jordan—flows into the Dead Sea, but no river flows out of it, with this consequence: that nothing lives in its brackish waters! But a river flows into the Sea of Galilee and another river flows out of it, with this consequence: that the Sea of Galilee is full of living things!

A medical doctor, speaking on the subject of hygiene, once referred to this subject and said: "A tumbler-full of water cannot influence the tablecloth till we fill the glass so full that it flows over." He was alluding to the abundant life of the healthy individual, and continued in this wise: "Our tumbler is not full. There is health and happiness streaming into us from the universe, but as we have no outlet for them they turn brackish in our characters and nothing will live there. The man who is doing most to make other people healthy and happy is the man who is most alive. No man who is not thus influencing other people with vitality is really alive; he is in a class with the Dead Sea."

And so with the Christian life. Unless the soul is filled "unto all the fullness of God" how can blessings flow out to others? And how can those around us be blessed, unless we ourselves are blessed of God?

GOD BLESS OUR MEN!

He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.—Psalm 121:4.
(Tune, "Molita")

○ LORD of Hosts, and God of Grace,
'Mid stormy clouds reveal Thy face,
And bless our soldiers at the front
Who bear of war the bitter brunt;
In battle's harsh and solemn hour
Unveil Thine arm of mighty power.

O Thou, who o'er the mighty deep
Dost watch with eyes that never sleep.

Go forth upon the waters still
To work Thy just and sovereign will.

Our sailors guard, and grant that they
In all things may Thy will obey.

Be with our airmen as they fly
Where sudden death is ever nigh;
In lonely heights they danger brave,
And with their lives our own they save;

Among the clouds be Light and Guide
And let Thy will their acts decide.

Preserve our hearts from hateful thought;

In malice may no deed be wrought;
May justice hold the balance true
In all we think or speak or do;
Our foes as brothers may we see
Who kneel, like us, before Thy knee.
M.M.

ARE YOU AN

"AUTO-GIVER"?

Seven Kinds of Donors

THERE are seven kinds of givers. To which order do you belong?

First, there are those who give spontaneously and generously, but only to themselves—auto-givers, they might be called.

Second, those who give thoughtlessly, without any real or high motive—givers of the occasion, as it were.

Third, those who give as a sop to the conscience and self-esteem, in a species of atonement for the evil they do—penitential givers.

Fourth, those who give as a matter of display, to win public applause for their generosity—theatrical givers.

Fifth, those who give because others give, because they are expected to give and are ashamed not to give, and therefore give grudgingly—conventional givers.

Sixth, those who give because they feel they ought to give; who give through a sense of duty, and not through love—moral givers.

Seventh, those who give in the spirit of Christ; who give because they love their neighbor as themselves, and above all things desire to help Him and to please God.

To which kind do you belong?

(Continued from column 3)

majority of them, in and because of their sins.

Doesn't it seem reasonable that such a testimony as this proves how fellowship with Jesus Christ and the observance of His rules of life can be effective, over a period of nearly thirty years, in keeping a man who was rescued from the verge of an outcast's unmarked grave, free of all thought of ever looking back again to the destructive habits that once held him in hopeless and resigned bondage?

A PSYCHOLOGIST in Chicago who was recently appealed to for help to save a drunkard, said: "Go to The Salvation Army; they sometimes effect such cures." And when an Army Officer was consulted, she said: "Ask Milans, the man who tried Christ's Salvation. He knows."

Until my dying breath I will acclaim the supreme power of the Lamb of God, and Him only, to be the hope of all who are decreed beyond the help of man.

"With God

All things are possible."

Christ can meet the needs of the vilest sinner, for I have proved it.

FOUR STEPS INTO GOD'S KINGDOM

ASK. (Matthew 7:7, 8)

SEEK.

KNOCK.

RECEIVE



THE Challenge of the Red Shield Campaign



AN OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE THE NATION



THE grey-haired ex-serviceman, limping on an artificial limb, signalled to a passing Salvation Army Officer. "Say, brother," he exclaimed, "Hostilities have started up. The bugles are calling. The boys again will be looking for your doughnut girls. They can't get along without them."

And the "doughnut girls" are again on the job, in Canada, Great Britain and in France. At many a Salvation Army Hut in those countries doughnuts, made from a special recipe, are turned out from machines at the rate of 1,200 per hour. The boys like them, and like Oliver Twist, ask for more!

But cheering as is a cup of piping-hot coffee plus a brace of doughnuts, there are more serious things than these on The Army's program of action—and war-service in its multifarious phases IS a tremendously-serious business.

It is one of The Army's quiet boasts that it loses but little time in getting down to "brass tacks." In many of the greatest disasters of modern times, this practical-minded Organization has been among the first, if not the first, to render succor to the distressed or encouragement and refreshment to the workers. Take, for instance, the following examples:

FAMINE: The Army was entrusted with feeding hundreds of thousands of starving people in China two years ago. It is still doing it.

FLOODS: During the past few years, when appalling destruction swept over certain areas in the United States, the governmental authorities accepted The Army's

FIRE: Excellent and quick relief was afforded settler-sufferers during the forest conflagration in Western Ontario eighteen months ago.

DISASTER: The Army did its bit in the succor of miners desperately engaged boring down through the earth to reach entombed men at Moose River Mine — while an anxious and breathless world listened in at their radio sets.

UNEMPLOYED RELIEF: The vexing problem of unemployed single men in Ontario was solved to a large extent when the Coliseum Building was opened in the Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, and

times. Shipments of goods and garments were also made from Canada for distressed and poor families.

And so ad infinitum . . . It is the privilege of Salvationists, like their Master, to be servants of all. Their responsibilities know no cessation, and all round the clock and all round the world, they carry on their Good Samaritan labors.

AND now the staggering burden of a second great war, preparations for the prosecuting of which—and the spending of money—are without precedent in the world's history!

But months before the outbreak



FRAGRANT MEMORY OF A HISTORIC TOUR.—During their visit last year to the Dominion Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth were especially interested in meeting workers among the lowly, and Salvationists were presented to them at many points along the Royal route. The Officer to the left of the photograph taken at Edmonton, is Adjutant John Steele, an ex-serviceman of the Great War.

The Army was given the task of housing and feeding thousands of homeless men.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN: When prior to the outbreak of hostilities the British authorities decided to

of hostilities, The Army's leaders sensed the possibilities of the occurrence of this dreaded event—and made preparations accordingly. In a very real sense The Salvation Army is always mobilized for service, and its workers were engaged in pre-war service at training camps across the country.

With the declaration of war came the placing of The Army's personnel and resources at the disposal of the nation. These were acknowledged and gratefully accepted by Prime Minister Mackenzie King and the Minister of Defence, Hon. Norman Rogers. From then on war-emergency activities have been set up in the nine provinces of the Dominion, and these are being carried on ceaselessly and effectively by trained and devoted workers.

As in the past The Salvation Army, with its experience and accredited methods, will continue to uphold its high traditions, serving with compassionate zeal the spiritual, as well as the physical, needs of our courageous men serving under the Flag of the Empire.

To-day, besides its regular activities, the wheels of war service are turning with ever-increasing velocity in every sizable centre throughout the Dominion, Service Centres, Canteens, Reading and Recreation Huts, Hostels (where military and naval men may rest and sleep), Auxiliary Centres, Sock-making and Darning Rooms and other essential activities.

This work has been done with the full approval, and in co-operation with, the Minister of Defence, the Honorable Norman Rogers, and the Director of Auxiliary Services, Brigadier W. W. Foster.

CARRYING on its best traditions of the Great War, The Army has now a network of Red Shield Centres, Huts and Canteens covering the length and breadth of the Dominion. At the present time there are also units overseas in operation wherever troops are concentrated, manned by devoted workers, both men and women.

Her Majesty, Queen Mary, inspected the first of a number of Army Mobile Canteens in England and many of these practical kitchen units are giving service all over the Old Land and in France. Her Majesty took a great interest in the operation of the units.

Recently London's Lady Mayoress poured a cup of tea for the Lord Mayor from one of the Mobile Canteens. These "first citizens" of the world's most famous city gave their heartiest approval to this practical work.

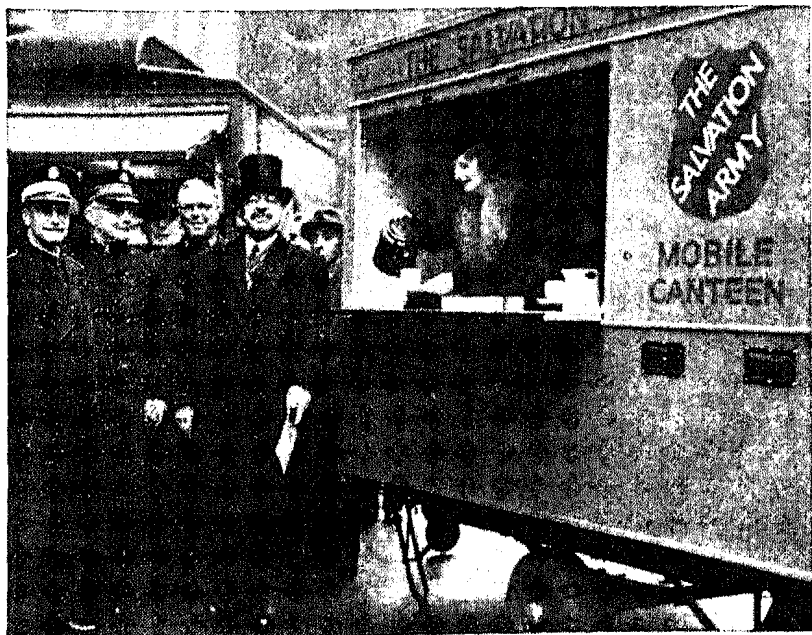
Great Britain's Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, has accepted the presidency of a Salvation Army campaign which is being conducted in Birmingham, England, to raise funds for war service.

The late Lord Tweedsmuir, who lately visited The Army's Red Shield Centre at Toronto, and Ottawa Grace Hospital, had graciously accepted the honorary presidency of the National Advisory Board in Canada.

High military officials and officers commanding have expressed their warm approval of The Army's Huts in Canada. As one of them put it: "They help to keep the boys out of trouble." Free stationery is provided in the writing-rooms and clean, good reading and recreation are to be had at the Huts. At some centres hostels are arranged for visiting relatives to stay and where they can meet their soldier friends.

The Army's women workers deserve highest praise. Knitting needles have clicked merrily to the tune of thousands of garments for refugees, shipments of which have been sent overseas, and clothing repair centres are in operation at almost all Red Shield Centres. When inspecting the sock-darning centre at Toronto the late Lord Tweedsmuir appreciatively exclaimed, "You people seem to have thought of everything."

Salvationist-Bandsmen, many of whom are ex-servicemen themselves and "know the ropes," have rendered outstanding service since the outbreak of the war. They lead church parades and provide programs, visiting military and naval camps and depots Sundays and week-nights. None of these men is paid for his musical service and in their ranks are some of the finest musicians in the country. One of the Bands is composed entirely of Great War veterans.



FIRST CITIZEN OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST METROPOLIS.—The Lord Mayor of London (Sir George Coxen) inspects a new light Mobile Canteen of the trailer type, while the Lady Mayoress pours a refreshing cup of tea. The Army has some seventy Mobile Kitchens in operation among the troops overseas.

services, with swift and effective results. When floods occurred at London, Ont., two years ago, the Organization gave prompt assistance.

evacuate little ones and expectant mothers from danger zones in large cities, Salvationists gave unstintingly of their time and assistance to this unique undertaking of modern



Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland and Bermuda

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1940

A TRUE NOBLEMAN

Lord Tweedsmuir's Death Mourned By the Empire

IN common with other citizens of the Dominion of Canada, Salvationists were filled with profound sorrow at the passing of Lord Tweedsmuir, one of the most gracious and kindly-spirited Governors-General ever to occupy Rideau Hall, at Ottawa.

The Salvation Army, perhaps, felt the loss of this truly great, wise and gifted representative of the King, more than many, because of the fact that His Excellency was the Honorary President of its National Advisory Board, and in numerous ways, together with Lady Tweedsmuir, had shown deep appreciation of the many-sided work of the Organization. Comparatively recently he inspected the Red Shield Centre at Toronto, shook hands cordially with a number of Officers and in his usual courteous manner expressed his hearty approval of all he saw. A short time after this he inspected The Army's Grace Hospital at Ottawa, and later, during Their Excellencies' tour of inspection of Halifax harbor, Lady Tweedsmuir informally visited the Red Shield Centre in that Maritime port.

On receipt of the sad news—tidings which caused an Empire to bow in sorrow, for as John Buchan, author and poet, Lord Tweedsmuir was universally loved and esteemed—Commissioner Benjamin Orames, the Territorial Commander, on The Army's behalf, despatched to Lady Tweedsmuir a message of tender sympathy and assurance of the prayers of Salvationists. The Commissioner also represented The Army at the Funeral service held in Ottawa on Wednesday afternoon, February 14.

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITIES

Seized by The Army's Overseas Workers

THE authorities have given The Salvation Army a sphere of opportunity in welfare work among the British and Canadian troops probably unequalled by any organization engaged in similar work.

This opinion was expressed by Lieut.-Commissioner J. Evan Smith

when passing through Canada recently on his way to take command of the New Zealand Territory.

"Already there are a very large number of trained Officers and workers now supervising welfare work among the men in France, and the authorities have given them well-nigh unlimited scope for service. The Army will have difficulty in meeting the demand for workers and equipment. In Great Britain war-service workers are doing magnificent work among military men.

"It is amazing, too, how The Army's meetings have continued to attract people despite conditions occasioned by blackouts," the Commissioner told a War Cry representative during his brief stop-over at Toronto. "Especially well-attended were General and Mrs. Carpenter's welcome meetings. Some 2,600 packed Wood Street Chapel, Cardiff (Headquarters for the Wales and Western Territory, where the Commissioner was until recently Territorial Commander), and three thousand persons packed Colston Hall, Bristol, during complete blackouts."

An enquiry as to whether The Army is still at work among evacuated populations brought an enthusiastic response. "Yes, all over the Old Country Salvationists are doing good work, especially in the way of holding services."

When the well-known susceptibility of the Welsh towards song was mentioned, the visitor's eyes lit up. "The people are singing as well as ever, though they have suffered greatly during the depression years."

Recalling that Mr. Hugh Redwood, President of the Goodwill League, whose books and messages (delivered during a memorable visit to Canada a few years ago) were of tremendous blessing to multitudes of people in this country, was a Bristol citizen, The War Cry representative mentioned "The House of the Trees," a venture established by the noted editor-author-evangelist. "Yes," asserted the Commissioner, "An excellent work is being done among Welshmen and lads under The Army's auspices."

"Did you see the General and Mrs. Carpenter before proceeding overseas?" questioned the scribe. "I had several talks with the General, and with Mrs. Carpenter about women's activities. Both wished me to convey warm greetings to their Canadian comrades."

The voyage, under present conditions, as may be imagined, was trying to the travellers. Zig-zag tactics lengthened the trip and even a seasoned globe-trotter like the Commissioner was glad to reach port.

During their twenty-four hour sojourn in Toronto the travellers



Lieut.-Commissioner J. Evan Smith

The Army will give generously of its

Brain, Brawn and Spirit

But the Wherewithal Must Be Provided to Enable It to Carry On

A Message from the Commissioner

Dear Friends:

Again much of the world is in the throes of a life and death struggle and, true to its reputation in national calamities and special emergencies under every sun, The Salvation Army is at the forefront ministering to the material and spiritual benefits of the men who are in, or will enter, Canadian training camps; also to those who are already on British soil and may later see service in other lands.

One of the most encouraging features of the good and lasting work done by The Army's representatives between the years 1914-1918, and afterwards, is that to-day thousands of war veterans the world over remember with deep gratitude the material help given, the kindly advice tendered and the spiritual touch manifested by The Salvation Army men and women who so nobly served them during those dark days.

We gratefully acknowledge the sustained friendly feelings of these fine returned men—a friendliness which time has not dimmed nor changing circumstances altered.

But while The Salvation Army is always willing to give generously of its brain, brawn and spirit, the fact remains that money is needed, and as the war progresses the demands made upon us are becoming increasingly great.

In this special issue of The War Cry there are columns of interesting matter, showing how completely The Army has organized its men, women and material, and how deeply appreciative are our friends and those most directly concerned—the men in khaki.

Not only because of what we have promised to do, but because of what we have been actually doing in recent months are we appealing to a generous public to help with our great National Appeal to be made shortly, and which will embrace not only service for soldiers at home and abroad, but also the wherewithal for the maintenance and extension of our multitudinous spiritual and social endeavors from one end of the country to the other.

The fact that the men go into camp or overseas will not in any shape or form ameliorate or dispense with the needs of women and children, the homeless and aged, at home; for while thousands of men may go abroad, many will be required at home, and there is also that great number of the poor who are always with us whether the nation is at peace or engaged in war. We cannot cease any section of our manifold activities without causing suffering to those who cannot help themselves.

So give, and give cheerfully and generously; and give in the name of Jesus Christ who taught us all that our first great duty is to God, and our second, like unto the first, is to our fellow men.

Editor's note: Commissioner Orames served with the Australian Expeditionary Forces during the Great War, in both France and Egypt.

Benj. Orames

addressed the noonday prayer meeting at Territorial Headquarters, at which Commissioner Orames presided, and in addition brought greetings from Rotarians overseas to the Toronto Club.

Engaged for many years as Private Secretary to The Army's

Founder and General Bramwell Booth, Lieut.-Commissioner Smith has had a unique opportunity of observing Army activities on many continents. He has been three times round the globe and has been described as "the most travelled man in The Salvation Army."



EYES FRONT!—Servicemen in training at Edmonton are photographed outside the commodious Red Shield Service Centre in which they may relax during free time

What They Think of The Salvation Army

PROMINENT PEOPLE

Give Their Opinion of an Organization
Upon Whose Globe-girdling
Activities the Sun Never Sets

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI
(When Duke of York)

THE SALVATION ARMY makes great claims upon the regard not only of my family, but all sincere and thoughtful people because it helps, undoubtedly, to make more tolerant religious opinion and class distinction. I believe there is to-day more mutual sympathy and understanding nationally and internationally, and The Salvation Army, among other religious bodies, has had a full share in bringing this about. The work of The Salvation Army may rightly be called international, and it is following with zeal that commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

President of the United States of America

THE consecrated men and women of The Salvation Army do not seek praise. They want merely the tools with which to carry out the work we continue to impose upon them.

RT. HON. MACKENZIE KING
Prime Minister of Canada

THE test of any society, founded on Christian principles, is to be seen in its redemption of waste humanity and the re-making of men. To this test The Salvation Army is continually responding. Canada is distinctly better for its mission.

**GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
OTTAWA**

As Honorary President of the National Advisory Board, I should like to draw the attention of the public to the War Service Work of the Salvation Army.

Whether our sailors and soldiers and airmen are engaged in actual fighting or in training, time will often hang heavily on their hands. It is for organizations such as the Salvation Army to provide opportunities for recreation and refreshment of the mind in these long periods of enforced inactivity.

The Salvation Army with its high ideals, its long practical experience and its magnificent record of service is highly competent to take part in this important work and I warmly commend its efforts to all those who have the welfare of our fighting services at heart.

26th January, 1940.

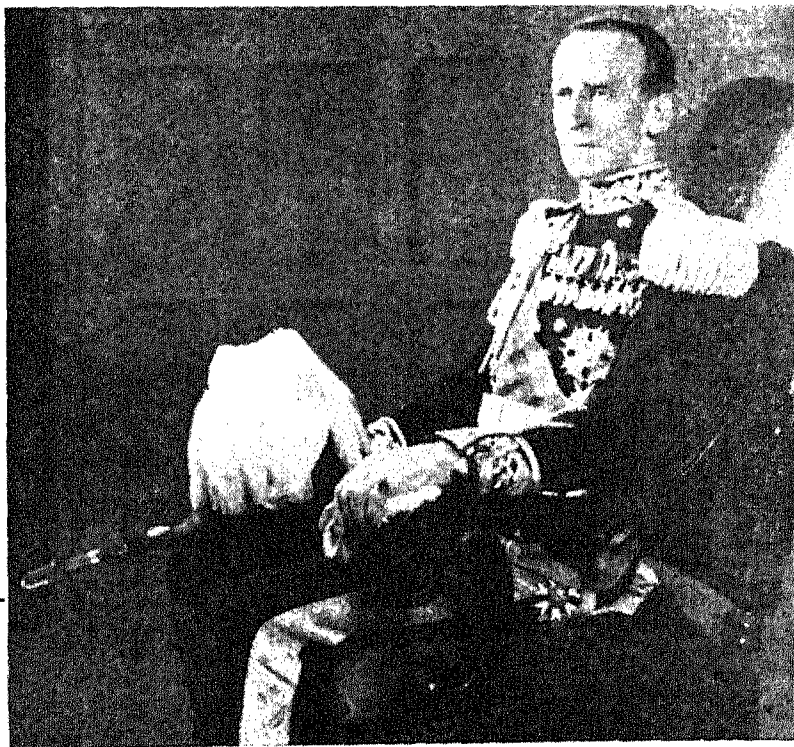
**SIR EDWARD BEATTY, G.B.E.,
K.C., LL.D.**

President of the Canadian Pacific Railway
and Chairman of The Salvation Army
Advisory Board, Montreal

THE SALVATION ARMY stands out among all the agencies which try to give material aid to those in distress—perhaps because

**GOD BLESS THE EMPIRE'S KING
AND QUEEN!**

Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth, taken during their visit to the Federal Capital. The above is a facsimile of a large autographed photograph recently presented to The Army by Mr. Gordon F. Perry, Vice-President of the Toronto Advisory Board



[Wm. Notman and Son photo] His Excellency the late Right Honorable Lord Tweedsmuir, Baron of Elfield, P.C., G.C.M.G., C.H., who, prior to his widely-mourned passing on Sunday, February 17, was Honorary President and Patron of The Salvation Army National Advisory Board. His message, a facsimile of which is reproduced below, was specially written for this issue of The War Cry

of the lofty character of its concept of social duty. Untroubled by doctrinal details, or by sociological or economic theories, it applies to the problems of the unfortunate a simple and effective combination of religious sincerity and practical common-sense human kindness. It is a privilege to join with those who pay tributes of respect to an Organization which daily aids in making the world better.

**HON. JAMES GARDINER, B.A.
LL.D.**

Minister of Agriculture

I HAVE always followed the activities of The Salvation Army with great interest. During the time I have been in public life I have had occasion to know a great deal of its work, particularly in the West. The efforts which The Army put forth



[Canadian Government Photo]

during the years when new settlers were being established all over the West, to keep up contacts with people who had been associated with them in the Old Land, as well as make new contacts with people here, were of the greatest possible service as a part of the work of settlement. During the period of the war The Army was to be found everywhere when necessity called. During the period of comparative prosperity following the war they steadily carried on their work. But it is since the depression set in that the great work of the Organization has been made known to all of those who have been associated with public service. There has been no task which has been too difficult for them to undertake, and no work of charity or mercy they have avoided.

BRIGADIER WM. FOSTER, D.S.O.

Director of Auxiliary War Services

IT is certainly not difficult for ex-servicemen to feel warmly towards The Salvation Army, whose fine work during the Great War is recalled with a profound sense of gratitude. During 1914-1918 The Salvation Army's efforts in behalf of members of the Forces were such as to win the highest praise of all who served. Nor did the interest of The Salvation Army in veterans end with the Armistice. Its peace-time activities in connection with those suffering as a result of economic distress are no less outstanding, and in countless ways The Salvation Army has rendered notable services during the post-war period. In fact, as year follows year, The Salvation Army proves its increasing worth in the community.

THE HON. SENATOR CAIRNE R. WILSON

Member of The Army's Advisory Board,
Ottawa

IT gives me the greatest possible satisfaction to endorse the work of The Salvation Army, which has always been so public spirited that words of commendation seem almost superfluous. I am pleased to express my own appreciation of all that the members are doing from their many fields of endeavor in all parts of the country. Canada would be much poorer without such Christian devotion and such an example for all citizens.



BUSIER THAN A HIVEFUL OF BEES are these Red Shield Women's Auxiliary members, who often work in relays to repair garments and mend socks for the soldier-boys. "A real labor of love," aver the workers, some of whom have sons of their own with the C.A.S.F.

When a Soldier Needs a Friend

DESCRIPTION OF A BUSY DAY AT A SOCK-DARNING CENTRE

AT nine o'clock in the morning, ten ladies arrive, representing a cross-section of a Canadian community, and soon coats are off and all are busily engaged. Already several soldier-boys are waiting at the wicket. John Smith is holding high a button which belongs

Opportunities For Voluntary Service

Services of women and girls able to sew, knit and engage in other forms of voluntary war service work will be gladly accepted by The Salvation Army. Friends outside its ranks are cordially invited to help.

Consult the Officer in charge at the nearest Red Shield Women's Auxiliary Centre.

no time. From the previous night, six pairs of trousers have been left on the rack with identification of the owners who will be returning at noon with the expectation that all alterations will have been completed. One of the ladies gets the sewing machine into action and grafts new pieces of material on those needing repairs, and then hands them over to the worker at the ironing-board who presses them until satisfactory. Another pair requires an inch removed from the bottom; no sooner said than done! Pressed and hung on the rack waiting for the owner to return, they look neat and trim.

Treasures Old and New

Several pairs of mended socks are ready for their owners at eleven o'clock. The night workers had done them, and it was noticed that attached to each pair of old socks was a new pair. With what delight they were received!

Over in the barracks, John Brown feels a piece of paper in the toe of his sock, and on pulling it out, reads, "Commit thy way unto the Lord." He reads it out to the gang

and they, with increasing curiosity, look in their own socks for texts, which are read with great interest and, we trust, with spiritual blessing.

"Aye, Aye, Scottie!"

Two o'clock brings another group of women; morning helpers must now return home to duties there. Jimmy McDonald is first man at the wicket, "Say, Sister, d'ye mind if I use yon ironing-board to press ma kilt; it's awfa badly needin' a press." "Why, just leave your kilt and come back in an hour's time and it will be ready for you," answers a motherly-looking woman. A number of kilts are pressed here for the boys and when Scots women have the happy task, it is a real thrill. Next at the wicket is a shy lad who says, "Sister, I badly need a scarf, do you think I could

gladly accepted, with appreciation. Now there is a line-up of Air Force men waving wings in the air. "Sister, could you sew these wings on for us?" is heard from all directions, so these "Mothers in Israel" gladly undertake the task.

New great-coats had been issued, but were still creased, so the popular demand was, "Coats pressed, please!"

Then along comes a soldier-lad, a little ashamed of a soiled suit, and wonders if there is any chance of having it cleaned and pressed. The machinery is again put into action and the suit is turned out nicely cleaned and pressed.

Will Double Her Donations

One lady, who stayed working in the mending-room through the supper hour, was thanked profusely by a soldier for the work done. He asked for her address so he might send her a box of chocolates, but this is a labor of love and gifts are not accepted from the boys for work done. During the conversation the lad showed a letter received from his sister in which she wrote, "I am thrilled with what you have told me about the way The Salvation Army is caring for the boys. My donations from now on will be doubled."

The other afternoon dozens of tams were pressed for the Black Watch; and it is gratifying to know that the men take a pride in their personal appearance. In addition to all this, khaki handkerchiefs are made in this room and distributed as needed.

The daughters of some of these ladies have become interested and come regularly each week to assist in the canteen. Some of their husbands also play a part by sending games for the men.

These are only a few of the everyday happenings at the mending-room, where loving, faithful service is given by cheerful women. I.M.T.

Included in The Army's Red Shield Hut at the "Ex," Toronto, where

to his coat; he is due to assemble for route march in twenty minutes and must have all his buttons on and polished. So one of the women, who specializes in sewing on buttons, has the unstable article on in

:: IN THE QUIET ROOM ::

A Mother Describes Her Experiences With Tall Son

WRITING in the Toronto Globe and Mail a mother says: "Some weeks ago it was with heavy hearts we wended our way to the Exhibition grounds to meet the Tall Son and spend a short while with him before bidding him adieu, for what we all hope will be but a short time.

"Many other families were there for the same reason, and we found the buildings very crowded. Son suggested that we go to The Salvation Army Canteen, as it is more quiet.

Quietness and Confidence

"Into a small room, very much like a chapel, we gathered. What a quiet, comforting room it was to spend the last short while together. On the wall was a large panel with the words 'In Quietness and in Confidence shall be your strength.' To those of you who have had the same experience you will appreciate just what these words meant to us at that time. All the little exchanges of confidence, quietly spoken; just to be together, nothing much said, each one trying to give what little comfort they could to the other.

"Then came the moment when the Tall Son suggested that we have coffee and doughnuts. 'Sure,' he said, 'they are great; they have some special recipe or other. Just

you try them, Mum.' We did, and they were as he said, just great, and the coffee was delicious. The charge was very small; they certainly do do not aim to make money this way.

"At last came the time when we had to leave. It was indeed hard, but I would like to tell you the quiet air of the place gave us the strength to bear up and clasp our boy in our arms and say our last few words.

"Don't Worry, Mom!"

"We have always greeted the members of this splendid Army when they have called for donations, not truly realizing just how much good they do so quietly. I cannot find words to express how much comfort we found being in that small room that last afternoon with the Tall Son who so smilingly looked down and said, 'Don't worry, Mom; everything is going to be all right. I'll soon be back and tell you all about it.' He, too, found comfort in the quiet, kindly atmosphere of that small room.

"Coffee and doughnuts.' Yes, try them even if you have not a dearly loved one to whom to say adieu. Go up and sit there if only for a little while in quietness and in confidence, and pray that it will not be long until we will have all our dear ones home with us again."



EVEN REFORMATORY INMATES HELP THE GOOD WORK ALONG.—Here are shown socks made by young women at Mercer Reformatory, Toronto. In the photograph also are members of the staff and Adjutant E. Watt, of The Army's Women's Social Department

get one?" "With pleasure, here is your scarf, my boy." The next is rather a thin-looking lad, a long, long way from home. He is feeling the cold terribly, and dislikes asking, but is in need of a sweater. Fortunately he did not have to ask; the lady at the wicket sensed the need and enquired if he would like a warm, hand-knitted sweater, which, needless to say, the boy

Major N. Boyle is in charge, are game-rooms, writing-rooms where writing materials are supplied free, rest-rooms and other facilities for the comfort of the troops in training. The Service Centre is one of the many war services undertaken by The Salvation Army in military training centres all across Canada, as well as with the Canadian troops in England.

SERVICE SILHOUETTES

Up-to-the-minute Stories of War Welfare Work



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE YELLOW, RED AND BLUE!" Jolly Jack Tars at a Canadian Maritime port demonstrate their appreciation of The Army's Red Shield service. Sleeping accommodation at the Hostel frequently is taxed to the limit, extra beds being made up in the recreation room. More than 2,000 servicemen have slept at this Hostel to date.

"WE MISS YOU, SCOTTY"

SCOTTY has already gone overseas—but he has left a lasting impression on workers at the Red Shield Centre. Each day his familiar figure could be seen striding towards the "Quiet Room" for his daily season of prayer and meditation—and when Scotty returned from the little sanctuary, he seemed to bring with him the fragrant influence of Him who said of a centurion soldier of old, "I have not found so great faith!"

YOUTH AND AGE SERVE

THERE is a young girl student, whose week is well-filled with study and church work, leaving one night only in the week for recreation. A suggestion one supper-hour from father reminds her that, "one doesn't give anything, unless they sacrifice something they like or enjoy." So, the free evening became devoted to work in The Army's War Service Centre where, she says, "she finds more joy in service than in whole evenings of fun!"

Problems of the Heart

On the other hand, one steps inside the door of the work-room at the Centre to find a gentle, sweet-faced lady of seventy, whose hands throughout the years have ever been filled with service for her Master. She has a smile of tender joy as she exclaims, "Oh, it has been a little Bethel in here this morning! Such lovely boys have been in here telling me their little heart-problems, and I've sent one or two away smiling, I think!"

"A STRANGER AND..."

THE sound of low sobbing attracted the attention of the little woman-Officer as she passed the door of the "Quiet Room" at the Red Shield Centre. Gently stepping inside she saw, sitting in a corner, a forlorn little group consisting of father, mother and little girl. The mother's whole frame was shaken with sobs as the Salvationist stepped up to her and said, "Is there something I can do, my dear?" Raising her tear-dimmed eyes, the woman exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so lonely! I'm a

stranger in a strange land, having only just arrived from England two days ago—I don't know anybody—and my husband is leaving right away! Whatever shall I do?"



"Then you've come to the right place!" said the Salvationist as she comforted the poor woman in the name of Him who said, "I was a Stranger... and ye took me in!"

"OVER THERE" ALSO

THE garment had just been carefully mended and, as the Salvationist placed it in the hands of the soldier, he gave her grateful thanks for the kindly service. "It's our pleasure," she exclaimed in reply, as he went his way.

But his gratitude had evidently not been sufficiently expressed, for, seeing another woman-Officer a short time later, he proceeded to thank her for "The Army." But he added, "what's worrying me is what we shall do without The Army when we 'go over.'"

Went His Way Rejoicing

"Well, don't let that worry bother you any more," the Officer exclaimed, "for The Army's there before you, awaiting your arrival!" And with the look of one whom his mother had comforted, he smiled and went his way.

APPROPRIATE TEXT

THE little company of men in the familiar grey-blue uniform, were making their way towards the "Quiet Room." Steadfast purpose marked their movements as each possessed himself a Bible from the stand, and prepared for the service. Quietly, one of their group took

his place before them, Bible in hand, and commenced to read. At the conclusion of the reading, reverent heads were bowed in silent prayer, and in the stillness of the little room a Presence was felt. There came to those waiting hearts

the fulfilment of the promise: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength—they shall mount up with wings."

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARMY!

WOMEN of all walks of life are happily engaged in "doing something" at the Red Shield Centre. From the busy little housewife, who snatches a couple of hours a week from her daily routine, to the lady of comfortable circumstances, seeking a way to use her leisure hours.

After a busy afternoon, when numerous garments had been mended and altered for the "boys," a woman in the group of workers raised a radiant face to the Officer in charge and remarked: "I think it's marvellous! You Salvation Army people have 'that certain something' about you that makes even this kind of work seem Christ-like!"

"T'LL TELL MOTHER!"

MORE than once the little lad had heard a playmate—sometimes a little girl—cry out in a fit of pique, "I'll tell my mother on you!"

But now the years have flown, and the little boy of yesteryear is a six-foot laddie in the Royal Air Force.

It is the period of the Christmas leave and he and his pal are going home for the holiday. Again the cry of childhood is heard—this time in a Red Shield Service Centre. It is the lad in R.C.A.F. blue who, shaking hands with the lassie in Salvation Army blue, exclaims, "You wait 'til I get home—I'll tell mother about you!"

The remark, however, now has a gladsome ring—for he is going to tell mother with a grateful heart, of how The Army had been doing just the little things he missed mother doing for him.

"I SPEND HOURS HERE!"

THIS was the remark of "Alex"—who was recovering from a foot ailment which kept him off duty.

Alex is an orphan of the last war. His parents were both killed in an air raid, and the eight-month-old survivor was taken by a children's society until he was four. Then a childless couple adopted him, brought him to Canada and raised him as their own. So lovingly had they cared for him, that at the death-bed of his so-called "mother" he learned the truth which came as a great shock to him.

War is upon us once again—and the call in Alex's soul is very strong. But while he is recuperating, he is also enjoying the happy, home-like atmosphere of The Army's Service Centre.—M.B.

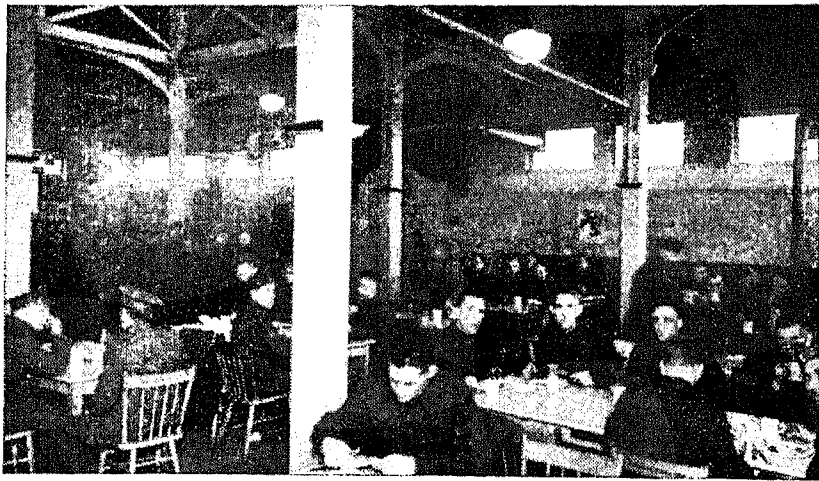
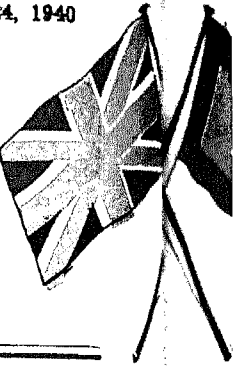


A BOOK AND A QUIET NOOK are the requirements sought by these Pacific Coast servicemen. They get both at the Red Shield Centre.



IN PEACE OR IN WAR

*Wherever there is Need, there you will
equipped for any emergency*



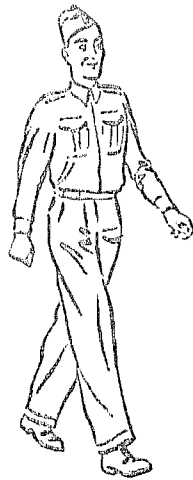
Above: AIR MARSHAL W. A. BISHOP, V.C., popular aviator hero of the Great War, spoke appreciatively of The Army's Red Shield Work during a recent dinner for homeless men in Toronto. Next to the Air Marshal are Commissioner and Mrs. Orames, Territorial Leaders

Top Left: WHEELS WHIRL and needles click in war service work. All sorts of mending jobs are done for "the boys"

Left: THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES. — Servicemen and men in training enjoy lunch and a chat at a Red Shield Centre, typical of the many Canteens operated throughout Canada



The Red Shield Hut at Camp Borden of the



RECREATION PLUS REFRESHMENT
Men in training during a spare half-hour enjoy a game of checkers, while their comrades look on (at left)



DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—The late Governor-General of Canada is here shown during an inspection of The Army's Red Shield Centre in Ontario's Capital City. Next to His Excellency is Brigadier R. O. Alexander



SOLDIERS' SANCTUARY.—A Quiet Room set apart for the use of the soldiers, also for military weddings, at the Red Shield Centre, Toronto.

THE ARMY CARRIES ON!

find "Humanity's Storm Troops" fully and ready to tackle the Big Task



SERVICE CLUBS HELP.—In the above photograph kindly Kiwanians present a clock for use at a Red Shield Centre

Top Right: "I'LL SAY THEY ARE TASTY. Just as mother makes them!"

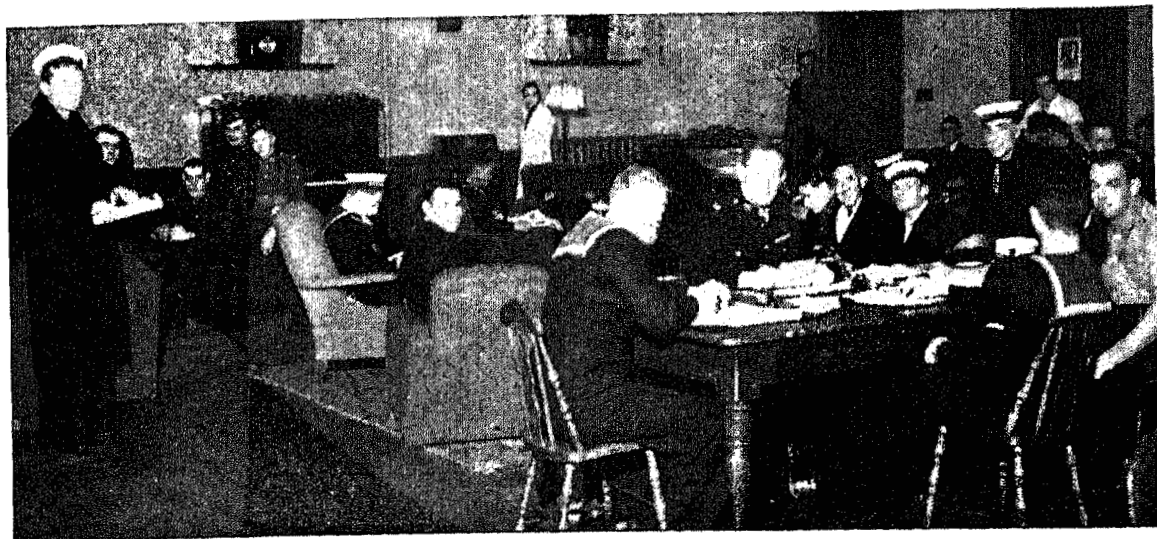
Right: THIS SALVATION ARMY FLAG—a battle-scarred veteran—did duty in France during the last war. It is again with the C.A.S.F. At the right of the photograph are the Chief Secretary, Colonel G. W. Peacock, and Brigadier A. Steele, M.B.E., now supervising Salvation Army welfare activities with the Canadian troops overseas



largest Centres in the Dominion



UP THEY GO—LIKE MAGIC!
Right: A Hut in the making—somewhere in British Columbia. There are 15 Huts and Centres in operation in Canada; six operated by Canadian Salvationists in Great Britain and France



IN A SAFE PORT.—Seamen rest at the newly-opened Red Shield Hostel in a Canadian coast city after voyaging on the turbulent Atlantic



of servicemen at Exhibition Park Camp Red Shield seen solemnized in this sequestered spot



NOT FAR FROM THE MAJESTIC ROCKIES.—Military men in the Red Shield Hut, Calgary, enjoy a bright musical program

NEWS and VIEWS

More Snapshots of RED SHIELD SERVICE

AN OBLIGING ADJUTANT

Even a Piano Presented No Difficulty

SOME time ago two detachments were transferred to Edmonton and quartered in a large brick building some distance from the armories. A few days later Adjutant Tobin received a 'phone call from the officer commanding, "Can you open a canteen for us, so we might have the same privileges as other troops?" "We certainly can," came back the answer. The matter was taken up right away, and in a short time the Fane Building Canteen was open for service.

Shortly after, the 'phone rang again, "Adjutant, would you try to get us a piano, so that we can have some sing-songs?" In the course of a few days a piano was secured. "Good old Army," said one military officer, "Always on hand!"

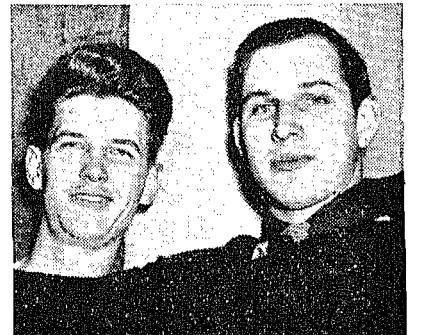


GATEWAY TO THE PRAIRIES.—Winnipeg's Red Shield Centre is conveniently situated on Main Street, near the City Hall

As Colonel McCartney, officer commanding, Fort William, recently remarked during a program given to military men, "We have no better friends anywhere than The Salvation Army."

A British Salvation Army Officer, asked by a military commander to entertain his men, did so, right to their taste. He, with his faithful helpers, supplied over a ton of succulent fried potato chips.

Finnish Salvationists have aided thousands of war-stricken people in



A FRIEND IN NEED.—Typical of scores of young men who have hitch-hiked from village to city for enlistment, Jack and Joe found The Army's Hostel at Windsor, Ont., a good place to stay. They are now in training with the Air Force. Parents in particular are grateful to The Army for taking care of their boys while they are at "loose ends"

Finland. Mobile kitchens are in action and bedding and clothing is being distributed by the thousands.

Speaking of the last war, an ex-serviceman journalist says: "When you were with the C.E.F.—perhaps on the way to Passchendaele—you stopped outside the dug-out and picked up one of the empty jam-tins that were put outside for you, you went in, taking your turn, and you got a mighty comforting good hot strong pea-soup. And you didn't have to pay for it, either! That was The Salvation Army!"

(Continued from column 2)
in short order we were sitting down to an appetizing plateful of eggs and bacon.

"Never shall I forget the heartiness with which the lassie served us, and although we had nothing with which to pay her at the time, I've paid over and over again since then, and will continue to do so as long as I've a nickel to give.

"What did I tell you, matey? I said exultingly to my pal as we left the Hut, 'Didn't I tell you we'd be all right if we could find The Army?'"

JUST OUT OF THE FRONT LINE

Man in Blue Picks Up a Good Story from an Exserviceman

"A H! you're always welcome in here!" exclaimed the little restaurateur, as the Salvationist entered to make a small purchase. "I'm not of your faith, you know," he went on, "but if it was the last nickel I had in my pocket, I'd have to give it to The Salvation Army!"

"That sounds like an interesting story," said the man in blue. "May I hear it?"

"Yes! I've every reason to be grateful to The Army folk for their work in the last war!" said the man. "Oh, I know you often hear it from 'the boys,' but listen to this!"

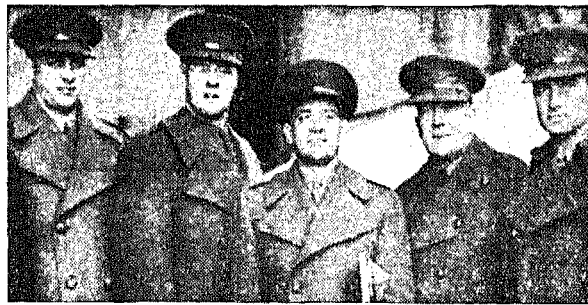
"My pal and I had just come out of the front line after a stiff battle. We were miserably cold and starving hungry. It was a dark, wet night, and though we made several efforts to secure food, we were unsuccessful. We had not the wherewithal to purchase our needs, and so miserably we plodded on.

"Suddenly a happy thought struck me! 'Pal,' I said, 'if we can find a Salvation Army Hut I know we'll

get something to eat—even if they are closed for the night!"

"So off we trudged, until a glimmer of light announced we were approaching The Red Shield Hut. Everything was locked up for the night, as we had half expected, but The Army lassie was soon at the door in answer to our knock, and

(Continued foot of column 4)



QUINTET OF SALVATIONISTS now engaged in Welfare Service with the Canadian Active Service Forces overseas. They are, left to right: Adjutant B. Meakings, Major W. Jolly, Major R. Gage, Major H. Wellman and Adjutant G. Pilfrey

SERVICENTERETTE

THE men delight in community singing in The Army's Huts. They love to "raise the roof" with the old songs—and love to sing the old hymns.

A large proportion of Salvationist workers with the Royal Air Force in France are women, who wear special khaki uniforms and caps. These efficiently staff more than twenty-five mobile canteens.

Many of The Army's Hostels for men in the Dominion have earned the gratitude of civic authorities by temporarily housing hundreds of young men who have entered the cities for the purpose of enlistment. This arrangement is helping to keep them out of the beer-parlors and similar places of temptation.

In many sock-darning centres when the socks are beyond repair, these are replaced with new ones. The boys are truly grateful for these "small mercies."

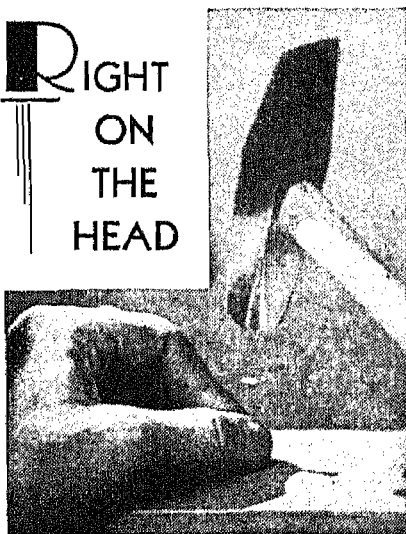
At Exhibition Camp, Saskatoon, the manager of the grounds placed his own summer log-cabin at The Army's disposal. It has been converted into a picturesque reading and writing-room.

"Thousands of soldiers in training here are finding a real touch of home life in the hospitality and the recreation furnished by The Army's Hut at Queen's Park," remarked a visitor to the Red Shield Hut in London, Ont. Here also servicemen are able to meet their wives amid homelike surroundings.



IN ALBERTA'S CAPITAL CITY (EDMONTON)—Fur-helmeted servicemen enjoy "something warm" after manoeuvres in "forty below" weather

RIGHT ON THE HEAD



PITHY SAYINGS THAT "TOUCH THE SPOT"

ARMY DOUGHNUT: A Real lined Job.

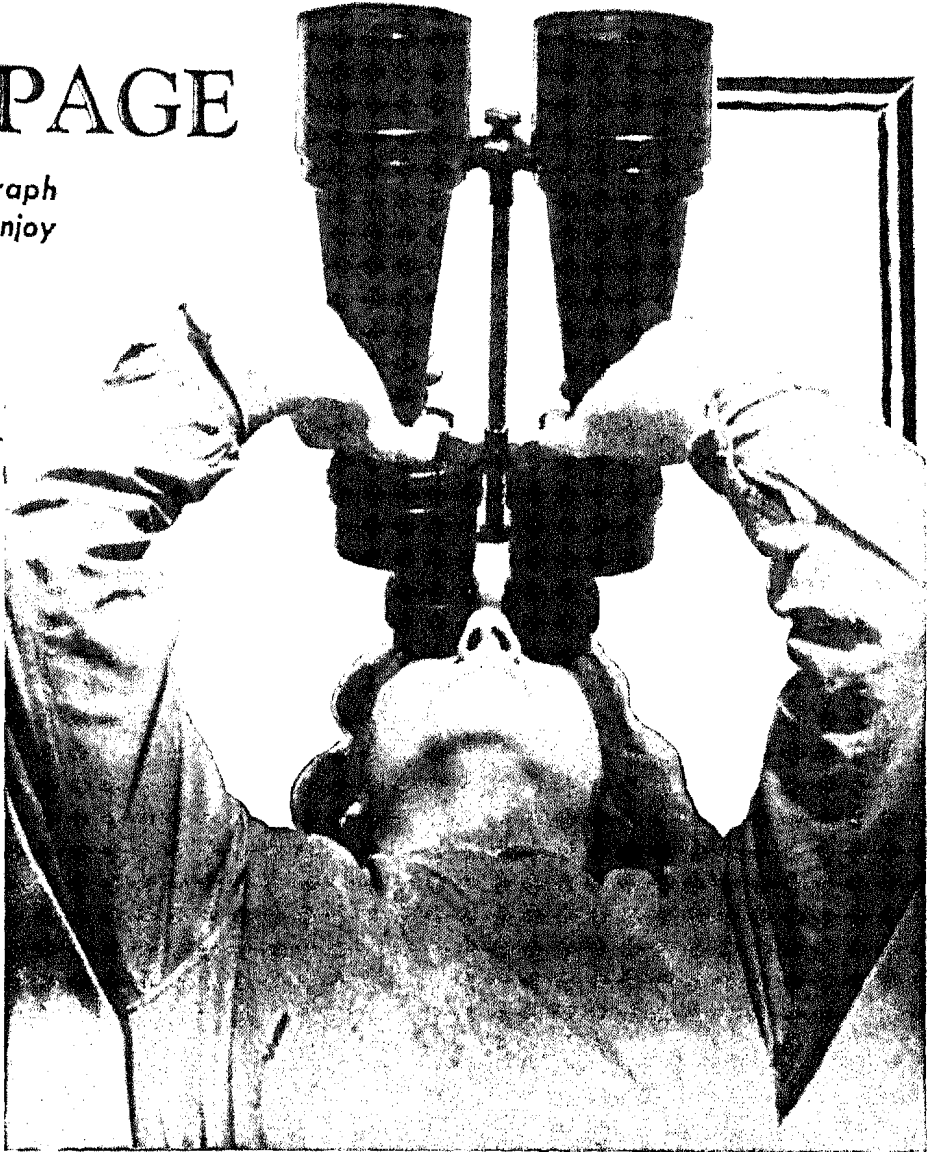
COFFEE ALL ROUND!" The that Cheers but does not riate.

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION: The Boys always come back.

ENOUGH: Salvationists at Home when at the

The MAGAZINE PAGE

Items of Interest in Picture and Paragraph
for All the Family to Read and to Enjoy



WORLD'S LARGEST BINOCULARS

Distant seas will loom close to British seamen who peer through this pair of binoculars—the largest in the world—made specially for the Royal Navy. Here an experienced worker gives the glasses a final test before they leave the factory

Monitor of the Mariner



SLITHERING through strange seas, all lights doused, a ship without a compass would be a ship never to reach its destination. Particularly in time of war, to mariner, airman, and even land fighters, the compass is an unerring friend and necessity. The history of the compass dates back to the earliest days of man, when in China it was discovered that a certain mineral-bearing rock, if hung on a string, would always point in the same direction. From this and through years of steady improvement, has come the modern spherical compass that guides the huge liners of the world.

During the early days of navigation compasses were of all styles and dimensions. Then came the "wash-tub" compasses, so called because their size equalled that of a wash-tub. They were built large on the assumption that the longer the compass-card magnets or needles were, the stronger they would be drawn to the magnetic North Pole. It was found, however, that these compasses were not accurate, for they changed their deviation with a change of latitude.

In 1878, Lord Kelvin, of England, invented and introduced the standard compass, which was accepted and still is the model of to-day's instruments. Lord Kelvin's original was a dry, card compass, and while it was accurate, it was active on the pivot, and in rough weather, with the ship tossing and rolling, navigators found it hard to hold a straight course.

Scientists improved upon it by inventing the liquid compass in which the compass card was sealed in fluid. This liquid held the card steadier, and in rough weather a better course could be steered. Despite this improvement a tossing sea would always create a horizontal swirling of the liquid.

After many years of research with the flat liquid compass, Wilfred O. White, of Boston, invented the modern spherical compass which is in standard use, and which is considered to be the last word in the field. This new directional aid has been approved by the United States Navy, Coast Guard, and Lighthouse service.

The compass has a spherical hemisphere of glass over the card which is filled with liquid. The shape of the spherical top allows the liquid and card to move in any direction, vertically or horizontally, with the result that the movements of the ship are neutralized. It also magnifies the entire compass card and makes it appear larger than actual size.

With the revival of shipbuilding the compass industry, which is centered in Boston, has felt a boom in business. To-day, more compasses are manufactured in Boston than in any other city in the world.

PASSENGER PIGEON MYSTERY

To Where Have These Birds Disappeared?



THE mystery of the disappearance of millions of passenger pigeons from the North American Continent in the eighties of the last century has never been solved. Old-timers, and

there are not a great many of them now, used to tell graphically of flocks of these pigeons that were so large as to darken the sky. In Michigan, U.S.A., where they nested, limbs of trees were snapped off by their sheer weight. The early settlers lived on these birds, and needlessly slaughtered them. Came the time when they were no more on this continent. It was believed that they had died of disease or had been decimated in a storm at sea.

However, a recent issue of Ad-

venture Magazine contains a letter from a man in Chile who claims that he has just shot two bagsful of passenger pigeons. According to this man, the pigeons do not leave South America and number hundreds of thousands.

Ornithologists are now expected to study the Chile claims of passenger pigeons in that country. They may learn that the passenger pigeon has not disappeared at all, but that it has gone to another continent.

"GOD KEEP YOU, BIRDMAN!"



never hear
The growling diapason of a plane
Up there,
The deep, reverberant humming of a plane
Up there,
But up to God I wing a little prayer,

For him who braves the dangers of the air.
God keep you, Bird-man, in your plane up there!
Your wings upbear, your heart sustain!
Give you good flight and oversight,
And bring you safe to earth again.
John Oxenham.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

How It Is We Honor His Memory



NONE of the most poignantly beautiful observances that sprang pure as a lily from the darkness, destruction and death of the Great War, was the remembrance of the Unknown Soldier, who, despite lost identity, fought gallantly for his King and Empire, finally to lay his wounded body down to die on the field of battle.

The originator of the idea was a Rev. David Railton, M.A., son of Commissioner G. Railton, who planted The Army Flag on this continent, and whose memory is honored by Salvationists everywhere. None could question the inspiration of David Railton's idea. It is one of the lovely, sad things by

which we remember the terrible conflict of two decades ago. But it is heart-breaking to think that what the Unknown Soldiers of the world fought so valiantly to accomplish has not at all been achieved, and that once again the nations are facing each other's dreadful guns.

THE GOLDEN CHANCE:

Once, perhaps, in each crisis of our lives, our guardian angel stands before us with his hands full of golden opportunity, which, if we grasp, it is well with us; but woe to us if we turn our backs sullenly on our gentle visitor, and scorn his celestial gift. Never again is the gracious treasure offered, and the favorable moment returns no more.



Tune In On These

BRANTFORD, Ont.—CKPC. Every Sunday, from 9:30 a.m. to 10:00 a.m. (E.S.T.) Devotional period with music by the Citadel Band.

CALGARY, Alta.—CJCL (700 Kilos). Every Monday morning from 7:15 to 7:30 (M.S.T.), a devotional broadcast by the Riverside Corps.

CHATHAM, Ont.—CFGO. Every fourth Sunday, from 1:45 p.m. to 2:45 p.m. (E.S.T.) and every Saturday from 1:15 p.m. to 1:30 p.m. Devotional period.

EDMONTON, Alta.—CJCA. The third Thursday of each month from 4:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. (Mountain Standard Time). A broadcast by the Edmonton Citadel Young People's Singing Company.

FLIN FLON, Man.—CFAR. Each week-day from 8:45 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. (E.S.T.) The Hymn Singer.

Listen In

for radio programs and "spots" on national and local stations, featuring the

National Red Shield War and Home Service Campaign

HALIFAX, N.S.—CHNS (939 Kilos) and short wave transmitter VEHX, 49.02 metre band. Each Wednesday, from 8:00 a.m. to 8:15 a.m. (A.S.T.) "Morning Devotions."

NORTH BAY, Ont.—CFCH. Every Monday morning from 9:00 to 9:15 (E.S.T.)

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask.—CKBL. Daily from 7:45 a.m. to 8 a.m. (M.S.T.) Devotional period.

SASKATOON, Sask.—CFQC. (600 Kilos). Every Tuesday evening from 8:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. (M.S.T.), a broadcast by the Citadel Band.

SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—CHTL. Every Saturday from 7:45 a.m. to 8:00 a.m. (E.S.T.) A broadcast of favorite hymns by the Citadel Band.

TIMMINS, Ont.—CKGB. Every Saturday from 8:00 a.m. to 8:15 a.m. (E.S.T.) Devotional period.

VANCOUVER, B.C.—CKWX. From 4:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. (P.S.T.), Sunday April 14, the Vancouver Church of the Air.

VANCOUVER, B.C.—CJOR. From 9:00 a.m. to 9:30 a.m. (P.S.T.), March 31, the British Columbia Church of the Air.

VANCOUVER, B.C.—CBR. Daily from March 4-9 (inclusive), and April 29-May 4 (inclusive), from 7:45 a.m. to 8:00 a.m. (P.S.T.) morning devotional period.

WINNIPEG, Man.—CJRC. Each Friday night from 8:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. (Central Standard Time).

WINDSOR, Ont.—CKLV. (1030 Kilos). Every Sunday from 9:30 a.m. to 10:00 a.m. (E.S.T.) A request hymn service.

WINGHAM, Ont.—CKNX. (1200 Kilos). Every Friday from 10:30 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. (E.S.T.) A devotional service.

BUSY OVERSEAS

THE SALVATION ARMY is carrying on in this war very much as they did in the last (writes an overseas correspondent of the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix, Captain A. E. H. Coe, M.C.). Five Officers have been assigned to the different brigades and hope to have work going full swing in a week or so.

When the troops get to France The Army will open up its own canteens, and hopes to have the ever-popular doughnut much to the fore along with coffee.

The Army has brought along some recreational equipment which will be passed out to the men, but they need more. Volley balls, bats, baseballs, softballs and footballs will be welcome.

Right now they are opening up writing and reading rooms and their letter paper is mighty popular with the soldiers.

The British Salvation Army is operating in France, and the Canadian Officers may go over for a while to see how the work is carried out there. Forty-one are being sent over, including twenty lassies. One of them is an expert egg cook and knows what it is to fry 3,000 eggs in four hours.

Twenty-nine posts will be established in France. These will include hostels for men going on leave and waiting for boats and also for them on the return journey. Mobile canteens will be provided and there also will be a fleet of utility cars. These will be used as canteens, ambulances or transport vehicles.

RED SHIELD

Women's Auxiliary

Notes by the Territorial Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Peacock

TO date, nearly 370 hand-knitted garments have been received from Saint John, N.B. About 163 of these originally came from Fredericton. Our comrades in the East are to be congratulated for their commendable endeavor. Mrs. Major Green reports that Mrs. Captain Greenshields, of Newcastle, N.B., recently conducted the inaugural meeting of the Bathurst branch of the R.S.W.A. Mrs. Carter is president and Mrs. Jean Miller secretary. Wool was despatched a silver tea was held at Earls-

though the young man is not a Salvationist he was most interested in all the happenings at the Service Centre.

Mrs. Adjutant Clitheroe, Fenelon Falls, Ont., reports enthusiasm among the workers. Much of the work is done in the homes of the members who are not able to get to the Hall in the winter time. Well done Fenelon Falls!

On a recent afternoon and evening



FOR THE EVACUEES.—Mrs. General Carpenter, with other Officers, examines a shipment of clothing for evacuees received from Canadian Salvationists. These articles have since been distributed among needy families

from the Divisional Office to supply these busy hands.

About one hundred employees of the T. Eaton Co., have formed an enthusiastic knitting circle to work for The Army. Wool was sent to them by Major Green.

Another recent addition to the many women's organizations working for the R.S.W.A. is the Drug-gists' Wives Club in Saint John, with Mrs. W. Bryden and Mrs. Cameron as conveners.

A happy task was the lot of Major M. Aldridge the other evening at the mending room at Exhibition Camp, Toronto. A soldier, dressed in the familiar Air Force Blue, asked the Major if she would kindly sew on his wings. In the course of the conversation he was identified as the son of a well-known Toronto Local Officer. Al-

court, Toronto, by members of the Red Shield Auxiliary. The Young People's Hall was decorated with ferns, palms and attractive lighting arrangements. Tables with flowers and sparkling tea services were inviting. One silver service, loaned by Mrs. Major Raymer, was 200 years old and excited much interest. At individual tables, hostesses served tea, dainty sandwiches and cakes.

In the evening, a Band program, presided over by Mrs. Raymer, was appreciated, and a number of Army friends provided well received items.

A previous effort which took the form of a bacon fry, was also held. On both of these occasions, work which had been done by the women were on display. The proceeds from both events, which amounted to about fifty dollars, will greatly help

(Continued foot of column 4)

"INFORMATION, PLEASE!"

IN what three major calamities beginning with "F" has The Army been conspicuous in rendering prompt aid? (See page 3).

What editor of a great New York newspaper who gravitated to the gutter through strong drink, was restored through the instrumentality of The Salvation Army? (See page 2).

Under what circumstances have Army women attached "wings" to men? (See page 6).

Where are Salvationists said to be most at home? (See page 10).

What son of a noted Salvation Army

pioneer leader originated the now universal idea of honoring the Unknown Soldier? (See page 11).

Where in this country does The Army supply free breakfasts to school children in winter time? (See page 15).

Is The Salvation Army in Canada working among seamen, as well as among soldiers and airmen? (See page 7).

What famous Great War "Ace" now holding a highly-responsible post, speaks well of The Army's work among service-men? (See page 8).

When did a Bible prove an efficient life-saver on the battlefield? (See page 14).

WHERE IS MY FRIEND FROM BRUAY?

A Reminiscence of Other Days

IF there is one man that I would like to meet again it is the Salvationist who was in charge of a Red Shield Hut just outside of Bruay during May, 1917.

The treatment this Army man gave the "non-coms" of the 5th Battalion attached to the 2nd Brigade is something they will never forget. Coming out of the line after ten days of harrowing experiences, and particularly low in spirits because of having had nothing to eat since the previous noon, we were like a pack of wolves after something to eat, knowing it would be some time before our sergeants' mess could be set up.

Into one hut, and then into another we went, unable to get food of any kind because of the fact that we would not be paid until later in the day. We finally spied the good old Red Shield sign of The Army, and what a Hut it was! If my memory serves me right, the back portion of it was a kind of tent.

Explaining our dilemma to the Officer in charge, he took us into his own quarters despite the off-hour, and filled us up with coffee, toast, fried ham and eggs. When we left, it was to stagger away with one of the grandest sensations of all the varied ones that I experienced during my service in France. When we returned that evening to pay for our feast, long and voluble were our expostulations at only having to pay

A Universal Prayer

OUR Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed by Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil:
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.—Amen.

Pray for these important projects:

NATIONAL RED SHIELD WAR AND HOME SERVICE CAMPAIGN

MARCH 11 to 20

and the

CRUSADE OF THE FLAMING HEART

From Easter to Whit Sunday

the insignificant sum of one franc (twenty cents).

If there is any way of my ever contacting that Army man, I certainly would like to hear from him again. He certainly was a life-saver!

—A Port Arthur Business Man.

A MINE OF INFORMATION

Packed with information about the world-wide Salvation Army, and containing inspiring articles, progress reports, and some amazing statistics, the 1940 Year Book is now available at the Trade Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto. Everyone should have a copy at hand for ready reference. Send for yours without delay! Price 95c postpaid.

in securing wool for comforts for the soldiers. Members of the Auxiliary are doing much helpful work.

Mrs. Adjutant Batten, Kirkland Lake, Ont., has organized several groups in outlying districts and has appointed a president for each. The arrangement is that the members meet quarterly, and a report of the work accomplished is forwarded to Mrs. Batten.

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN EXECUTIVE BOARD

PROVINCIAL AND CITY CHAIRMEN



The Honorable Senator
William Henry Dennis,
D.C.L.
(Nova Scotia)

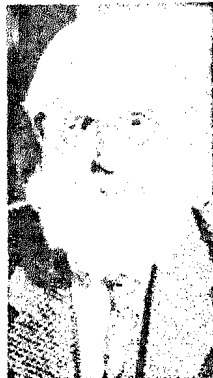


Right: The Right Honorable Senator
Arthur Meighen, P.C., K.C.
(National Chairman)

Left: The Honorable Eric W. Hamber,
Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia
(British Columbia)



The Right Honorable
Sir William Mulock,
K.C.M.G. (Ontario)



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[The foregoing list is not complete, and other names will be added in due course.]

THE ARMY SERVES THE NAVY



The Honorable A. P.
McNab,
Lieutenant-Governor
(Saskatchewan)



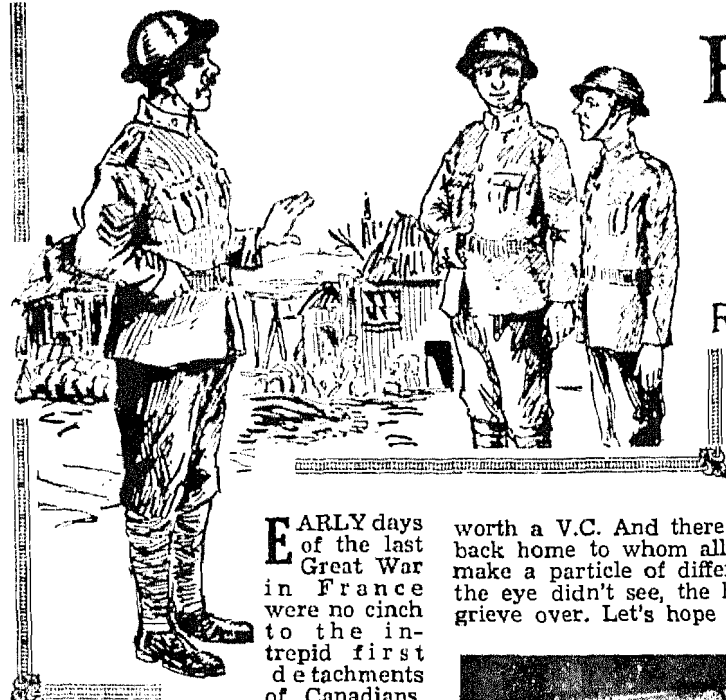
vation Army Red
Shield Service Hostel,
In a Canadian Mar-
time city, where they
enjoyed rest and re-
creation



The Honorable Senator
Wm. Ashbury
Buchanan
(Alberta)



Their faces wreathed
in smiles, a group of
seamen, some thou-
sands of miles from
home, are photo-
graphed outside a Sal-



How The Army Served the Nation

FROM 1914 TO 1918—AND AFTER

Reminiscences of Dark Years Brilliantly Illuminated by Heroic Deeds

EARLY days of the last Great War in France were no cinch to the intrepid first detachments of Canadians. Front line—trench deep—experiences included trying to heat water in a mess tin by the somewhat uncertain expedient of candle-grease and sacking, shaving in the dark, dodging bullets from unseen snipers, investigating predatory raids of platoons of cooties; to say nothing of the discomforts of mud-lined trenches and skidding on greasy duck-boards.

Still those were days of real fellowship. It didn't matter who you had been back in Canada—bank-manager, lawyer, garbage-collector, store-clerk or just an ordinary mortal. Everybody understood a common language and a fellow feeling made one wondrous kind. As Burns so well put it: "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." There were kindnesses done, noble deeds wrought, suffering shared that in themselves were

worth a V.C. And there were folks back home to whom all this didn't make a particle of difference; what the eye didn't see, the heart didn't grieve over. Let's hope it won't be

with a rough sheet of canvas hurled around them. Kindly and gallant souls dispensed cheer to the troops just back of the line and it was not long before "The Army" was recognized as the most popular canteen for miles around.

This one was told us by the ex-serviceman who set up the type for this page—not a Salvationist—but who got his present job after a long stay in Davisville Training College which

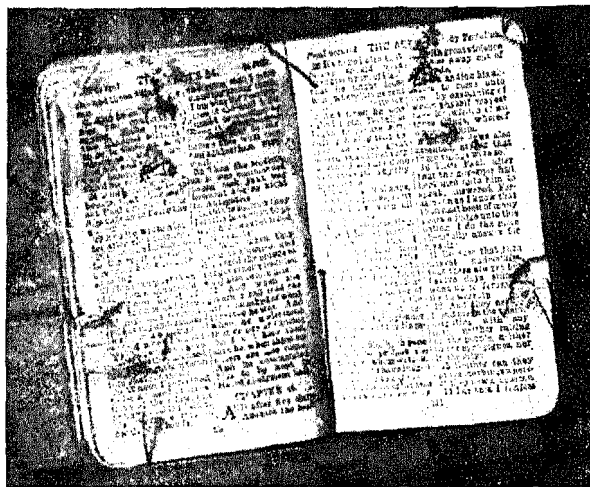
courage, comradeship and hospitable service, "The Army" gave quiet, efficient service, improving as time went on, gaining favor with both men and authorities.

Many Salvationists with the C.E.F. became unofficial chaplains, and not a few read the Bible and offered prayer to their tent-mates every night before retiring. There were several groups of Bandsmen also who formed their own Bands and conducted services and gave impromptu programs. At one place "somewhere in France," three hundred or more men joined in singing the old hymns. In many dug-outs, in the midst of shot and shell, Salvationists knelt with their comrades and led them to Christ.

Salvationists who had enlisted under the Colors made their influence felt everywhere. One church-going observer wrote from an Ontario Training Camp: "I am pleased to say that The Army folk are keeping the Flag flying in splendid fashion. I am glad to say that in one of the tents they have a prayer meeting every night before retiring to their hard camp beds. The men respect the Salvationists and I notice that it is those who take their stand for Christ and The Army as soon as they join the ranks, who make the best showing."

One story on record is that two wounded soldiers of opposing forces were lying out on "No Man's Land," when one observed that the other was wearing a Salvation Army guernsey. Immediately he opened his tunic and revealed that he was wearing a similar garment. A common bond of fellowship at once sprang up with mutual blessings.

In the first few months of the war five ambulance units were dedicated for overseas service, the first contribution of this character from Canadian Salvationists. A dozen units had already been sent to the battle-lines, the gift of British Salvationists, these having been gratefully accepted by Queen Alexandra, on behalf of the nation.



BULLET-PROOF!

Bandsman W. Fowler, of Vancouver, B.C., owes his life to the fact that he carried a small Testament in his breast pocket. A bullet pierced the Book and stopped halfway. The Bandsman proudly shows the torn Testament as a clear proof that it had saved his life as its Message had saved his soul.

the same in the present conflict! Salvation Army Huts in those days were little more than four gaunt poles stuck in the ground,

had been turned over to the authorities for use as a military hospital.

A weary "Tommy" staggered up to the counter. "Got any tea?" he asked. He was assured by the smiling Salvationists that such certainly was the case.

The weary one was supplied "pronto" as the boys used to say. He drank with a gusto. "Say," he exclaimed with a deep sigh of satisfaction, "This is TEA—with real tea-leaves! At the other canteens they give you colored water—and charge tuppence for it!"

There were smiles, of course, but those were dark days, indeed. Days of anxiety, uncertainty, grave responsibility and depressing care. But brightened by indomitable

"WHO'S FOR HOT COFFEE?"

"A few moments later I was consuming the finest drop of non-intoxicant ever served to soldiers in distress"

HE was a happy, rollicking "Ban-tan," not more than five feet three inches in his stockings, but thick-set and apparently as hard as nails. Four months before the great push he had been "sniped" in the trenches at Ypres, but the bullet meant for his brain had only caught the tip of his nose, and reduced its somewhat abnormal size by half an inch or so.

He had recently been discharged from hospital, had rejoined his depot and we were chatting together on the beach, at the close of a stirring open-air meeting at which he had testified. It was there that he told me his story.

"Before my conversion," said he, "I was one of the biggest drunkards in B—. The taste for drink had got such a hold upon me that I was compelled to consume it, morning, noon and night, and sometimes throughout the night as I lay or sat in bed. When I got saved at The Army Penitent-Form, however, the disease was eradicated, and the taste wholly departed.

"Soon after the war began I enlisted, fared from the Band of which I had been a member for years, and sixteen months ago was sent to the front. But the fighting after all was not so much with the Germans as with the rain, the cold, the vermin. Few who have not had the experience can understand what it means to be standing for hours together in water, often above the knees; to be on sentry duty for long spells with the thermometer many degrees below freezing; to be sleeping on the cold ground, with hundreds of rats smelling, nibbling, and gamboling all around you; to be

dwelling in an atmosphere oft-times sickening and pestiferous.

"Towards the close of the year, when the conditions were at their worst, among the great majority of the men of my section rum-drinking had become general. The 'lots' served were not always thimblefuls. Again and again the fiery liquor was offered me, but I always declined.

"I thank God for His goodness in enabling me to resist the sorest temptation of my Salvation life on the Christmas Eve of last year. It was one of the wildest nights of a wild season. The rain fell in torrents and froze as it fell. The water rose to our loins, stiffening and numbing our limbs. There was a call for rum all round.

"My teeth were chattering and my whole frame was icy cold and almost lifeless. In my weakness I cried earnestly to God for continued strength to resist so great a temptation, and just at the moment when I feared that my own fainting condition would compel my superiors to adopt those strong measures with which I had been threatened, there arose the cry, 'Who's for hot coffee?'

"A few minutes later, with my half-frozen and half-drowned comrades, I was consuming the finest drop of non-intoxicant that an army commissariat had ever served out to a company of soldiers in dire distress. A wise and thoughtful brigadier-general had issued the order, and from the British trenches in our district on that bitter cold night there arose a grand unison of gratitude, even from the inveterate tipplers, who were not slow to confess that hot coffee is a thousand times better than rum!"



SOME

Camera-Glimpses

Into Phases of Army Work

"INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."



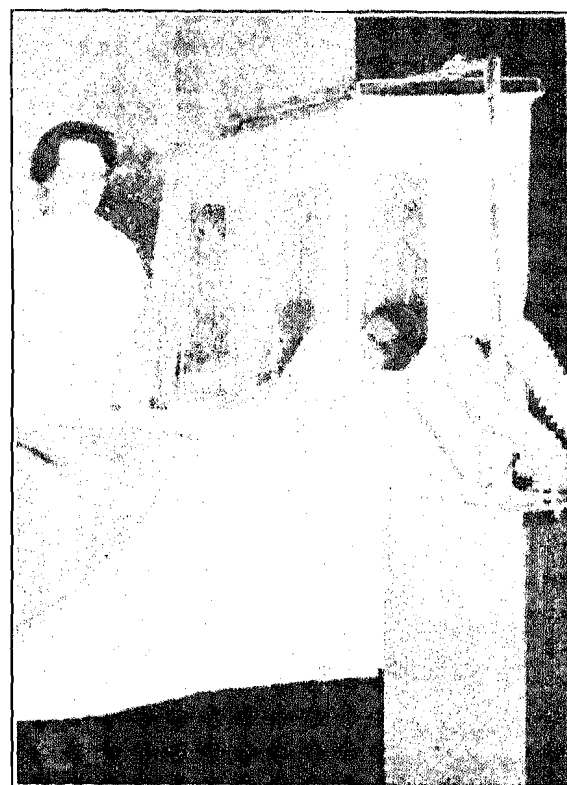
SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.—She—and many more like her—is spending the golden years of her life in peaceful quietude at one of The Army's many Eventide Homes



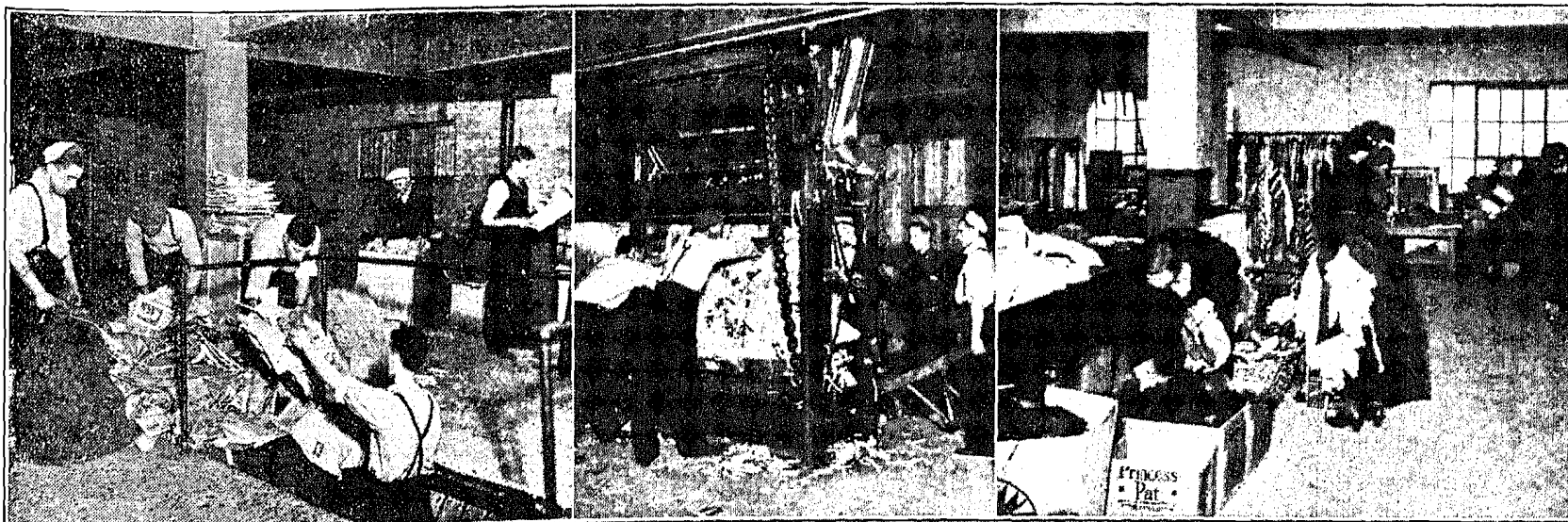
WITH GOD IN A GLADE.—Underprivileged children enjoy a sing-song in "Cathedral Grove," Jackson's Point Fresh Air Camp, Lake Simcoe



GOOD FOR BOTH CHILD AND NATION.—Irrespective of nationality or creed The Army provides wholesome meals for thousands of poor children each winter in Eastern Canada



FOR THE MINISTRY OF HEALING.—Across the continent The Army operates a chain of Grace Hospitals equipped with modern appliances and highly-trained medical and nursing staffs



WRESTING WORTH FROM WASTE.—Unemployed men are given useful employment at Industrial centres where broken furniture is repaired for needy families. Waste paper is sorted, baled and returned to paper-mills for remaking into newsprint

THE SALVATION ARMY

NATIONAL RED SHIELD WAR AND HOME SERVICE CAMPAIGN

MARCH 11 - 20

constitutes

A CLARION CALL

To Every Citizen to Rally to a Great and Worthy Cause

The Salvation Army needs \$1,000,000. It will not be able to do the work the people of Canada are expecting it to do, unless it has that amount and more

Give Generously!

**Give To
The Limit of
Your Ability!**



COMRADESHIP THAT COUNTS